

The most lamentable Tragedie

Marrie for Iustice she is so imployd,
He thinkes with *Ioue* in heauen, or some where else,
So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

Titus. He doth me wrong to feed me with delayes,
He diue into the burning lake below,

And pull her out of *Acaron* by the heeles.
Marcus we are but shrubs, no Cedars we,
No big-bond-men, framd of the Cyclops size,
But mettall *Marcus*, Steele to the very backe,
Yet wrung with wrongs more then our backs can beare:
And sith theres no iustice in earth nor hell,
We will sollicite heauen, and moue the Gods,
To send downe Iustice for to wreake our wrongs:
Come to this geare, you are a good Archer *Marcus*.

He giues them the Arrowes.

Ad Iouem, thats for you, here *ad Apollonem*,
Ad Mariem, thats for my selfe,
Here boy to *Pallas*, here to *Mercury*,
To *Saturnine*, to *Caius*, not to *Saturnine*,
You were as good to shoote against the winde.
Too it boy, *Marcus* loose when I bid,
Of my word, I haue written to effect,
Theres not a God left vnsollicited.

Marcus Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the Court,
We will afflict the Emperour in his pride.

Titus. Now Maisters draw, oh well said *Lucius*,
Good boy in *Virgoes* lap, giue it *Pallas*.

Marc. My Lord, I aime a mile beyond the Moone,
Your letter is with *Iupiter* by this.

Titus. Ha, ha, *Publius*, *Publius*, what hast thou done?
See, see, thou hast shot off one of *Taurus* hornes.

Marcus. This was the sport my Lord, when *Publius* shot,
The Bull being gald, gaue *Aries* such a knocke,
That downe fell both the Rams hornes in the Court,

And

of Titus Andronicus

And who should finde them but th
She laught, and told the Moore he
But giue them to his maister for a p
Titus. Why there it goes, God

Enter the Clowne with a basket

Titus. Newes, newes from hea
Marcus the poast is come.

Sirra what tydings, haue you any
Shall I haue iustice, what saies *Inf*

Clowne. Ho the libbetmaker,
ken them downe againe, for the n
the next weeke.

Titus. But what saies *Iupiter* I as

Clowne. Alas sir I know not *Iup*
I neuer dranke with him in all m

Titus. Why villaine art not tho

Clowne. I of my pidgions fir, n

Titus. Why, didst thou not co

Clowne. From heauen! alas fir,

God forbid I should be so beld,
young dayes.

Why I am going with my pidgic
take vp a matter of brawle, be
the Emperialls men.

Marcus. Why fir, that is as f
Oration, and let him deliuer th
from you.

Titus. Tell mee can you deli
perour with a grace?

Clowne. Nay truely fir, I co
life.

Titus. Sirra come hither, m

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